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IN VACATION.

"Done Been Seen Since He Seen Her."—Giles B. Jackson, the celebrated Richmond colored lawyer, sometime ago was trying a case in the police court of his city. He was defending a man for stabbing another, and as witness after witness was put on the stand for the prosecution, Mr. Jackson was muttering audibly so that the court could hear him, "Nem mine, nem mine; I gwine prove a alibi." After all the witnessses for the commonwealth had been examined he triumphantly called a woman up, by whom he announced to the court he was going to prove an alibi. After she was sworn he said to her, "Now, lady, tell de judge where de prisoner was on de night of de cuttin'." The woman replied promptly, "He was right dere at de cuttin' and I see him when he done it." Jackson and the court showed evident surprise, and Justice John said sharply to the lawyer, "Mr. Jackson, you represented to the court that you were going to prove an alibi by this witness. How do you explain your failure to do so?" Mr. Jackson arose solemnly and said, "May it please yoah Honor, dis yere witness was all right when she came into court, but now I see dat she has done been seen since I seen her."

Can't Talk without Thinking.—"Now," said the lawyer who was conducting the cross-examination, "will you please state how and where you first met this man?"

"I think," said the lady with the sharp nose, "that it was—"

"Never mind what you think," interrupted the lawyer. "We want acts here. We don't care what you think, and we haven't time to waste in listening to what you think. Now, please tell us where and when it was that you first met this man."

The witness made no reply.

"Come, come," urged the lawyer. "I demand an answer to my question."

Still no response from the witness.

"Your honor," said the lawyer, turning to the court "I think I am entitled to an answer, to the question I have put."

"The witness will please answer the question," said the court, in impressive tones.

"Can't," said the lady.

"Why not?"

"The court doesn't care to hear what I think, does it?"

"No."

"Then there's no use questioning me any further. I am not a lawyer. I can't talk without thinking."—London Spare Moments.